Between Here and There

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10470912.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Canon Compliant, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Verse, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Will, Omega Hannibal, Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Missing Scene, Light Angst, Resolved Sexual Tension, Scenting, Kissing, nuzzling, Rimming, Anal Sex, Hannibal is thirsty!, Knotting, do not copy to another site, Podfic Welcome
Language:	English
Series:	Part 22 of ABO/Omegaverse Fics by TigerPrawn, Part 16 of Tiger's canon(ish) Hannigram fics
Stats:	Published: 2017-03-27 Words: 4,685 Chapters: 1/1

Between Here and There

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Set between Will and Hannibal arriving at the house on the bluff and nightfall when the Dragon arrives during their wine drinking. Canon compliant but set within an omegaverse AU and, y'know - fucking.

Notes

Beta’d by the amazing Victorine - thanks lovely <3

“Will, was it good to see me?”

“Good? No.”

The lie buzzed in Will’s head as he left the building. Was it a lie? It felt like one.

He flexed his hand, feeling the cool of the perspex on it still. The physical barrier between them that he had felt compelled to touch. Perhaps to feel the realness of it, perhaps to feel through it.

Good was perhaps not the right word, no. But it was *something*. Something not bad, something not as terrible as he wanted or needed it to be. There was a difference in Hannibal, something he had glimpsed beneath the surface many times - an ease. The omega behind the construct, behind the person suit. Maybe it was that? Hell, maybe it was the shorter haircut, that Will had tried to stop himself admiring? Hannibal was Hannibal, more so than he had ever known before and that was both intriguing and frightening.

Will reran the moment in his mind, whilst trying to keep a steady pace back to his car despite his thumping heart, and wondered how long he could continue to deny the truth.

*

Will sat in the car and reflected on Hannibal. Everything Hannibal had ever done. Right up until a few minutes earlier when he pushed the cop out of the car and asked - *“going my way?”*

Hannibal Lecter was beyond a doubt the most manipulative omega he had ever known. And yet, it didn’t seem to matter. They sat in the car with the scent of blood still fresh and it just didn’t matter. Resignation had set in by degrees.

Degrees of disadvantage.

“We should talk, Hannibal.” Will broke the silence, glancing over at Hannibal as he drove and not missing the slight grin there.

“About your plan? About how you orchestrated my escape as a fake escape? Is that what we need to talk about?” The omega was as close to smugness as Will had ever seen him.

Will scrubbed a hand over his face. “How did I forget how fucking insufferable you can be?”

Hannibal huffed a short laugh and they went back to silence.

Maybe that *was* what they needed to talk about. Maybe that, or maybe the subtle change in Hannibal’s scent that first day they met in Jack’s office - involuntarily flagging his interest. Maybe the way they had tiptoed around the unspoken idea of courting in those early days - before Will’s brain had been ripped apart by both illness and Hannibal himself. Maybe they needed to talk about Will’s deception and how easy it had been, because it was so close to the truth - so close to seduction for them both. Maybe about forgiveness, scars, death and damage.

Maybe it was best to stay silent.

*

Will could lose himself in the sound of the waves crashing below. Just like wading into the middle of the stream. Could, if he allowed himself, which he didn’t dare. Even with the cold breeze and lingering artificial aroma of the prison cell where he had been unable to properly smell the omega, Hannibal’s scent was now becoming overwhelming. Distracting. He had forgotten how good it smelt. How good it made him feel.

Their conversation on the cliff edge echoed in his mind as he followed Hannibal into the house. Every word should be dissected and distrusted, that much he knew of the omega. Not that it changed anything.

Will went to the room Hannibal had pointed out to him. He wasn’t surprised to find a wardrobe stocked with clothes in his size . He pulled out a shirt and snorted a laugh, unable to not roll his eyes as he noted the embroidered *W.G.* under the collar.

He refused to ask when then hell Lecter had had these made, but that didn’t stop his mind working it over. Part of him suspected it might have been immediately after their first meeting - that would certainly not be so incredibly far fetched.

He shook his head. What did it matter? This felt so inevitable. No matter what either of them did, where they went. Hannibal knew it - that was clear - when he handed himself in so Will would always know where to find him. This was always going to happen.

Will stalled his thoughts at *true mates*. That wasn’t something he wanted or needed to entertain. This was complicated enough already. Or it had been; it was feeling increasingly easy and straightforward. Layers stripping away as easily as Hannibal’s well-crafted facade.

He threw the shirt on the bed and began unfastening his own before heading into the adjoining bathroom.

*

It took a while for the water to heat, and by the time he stepped under the stream and felt the tension in his muscles ease a little, the room was full of steam.

His back turned to the room, he didn't see or hear Hannibal's approach. He only knew he was there when the omega's aroused scent, thicker and heavier than the mist filling the room, cut through directly to his groin. Or so it felt.

"Hannibal." He breathed out the name, somewhere between exasperation and admonishment.

"I'm merely saving water. This house isn't connected to the mains supply and I have yet to check the tank levels." Will didn't turn, taking in the matter of fact and completely above board way the words were spoken. Had the omega not been stood naked and, from the scent, clearly leaking, Will might have believed the words alone.

"You're a terrible liar," Will sighed. The water supply was irrelevant - that wasn't why the omega was there. They both knew that.

Hannibal hummed in response and then pushed himself to Will's back, his hard cock against the crease of the alpha's ass. "Only to you. You are the only one who can see through me. Or more accurately, scent me."

True mates. The words echoed around Will's head.

Admitting it wasn't an option but he couldn't deny that the markers were there - not least the way they could read each other from such subtle and involuntary changes in body chemistry. Another thing he hadn't wanted to admit to knowing, because the truth was that the connection was already there by then - the seeds of something that might be love.

If he weren't so socially inept he'd have started trying to court the omega not long after they met. But he was. And then life had unfolded as it had. It had only taken Will so long to figure out Hannibal was the Ripper because he hadn't wanted to. And after that accepting that truth, he couldn't believe that Hannibal was capable of returning love. Not that it mattered by then. Did it? He couldn't allow himself to think that way then, and now he knew different - he knew Hannibal loved him. If Hannibal had manipulated, and oh he had, it had been out of love not malice. As fucked up as that was.

And yet, with the soft body pressed to him, it all felt so distant.

They had never been naked together before, not completely. They had never been intimate - despite the one time they had almost kissed in the stable, but Will had shied away. He had been reeling Hannibal in for Jack, and he knew if he allowed himself to become intimate then he would lose control of the situation. It wouldn't have stopped at a kiss, and then it would have become a different sort of seduction. He actually wondered if Jack - beta that he was - didn't want exactly that to happen. Unofficially. What better way to trap the Ripper? Will

couldn't do that. To himself as much as Hannibal. It was bad enough knowing the man you loved was a monster, that it might mean you were a monster too, without giving in to the disgusting ease of a honey trap.

Will couldn't pretend not to realise this was another manipulation. Hannibal's own seduction. And he had known - the moment he had decided in his mind to get Hannibal out of prison - he had known it would come to this.

Even so he tensed as long, delicate fingers stroked down his arms, following the path of the shower spray.

He didn't know if he could save himself from any of this.

"You're always so afraid of losing control Will-"

"Now that I have it." Will cut Hannibal off with his terse response. Between encephalitis, prison and his FBI puppet-masters, Will savoured control now in a way he hadn't before meeting Hannibal.

He stilled Hannibal's hands with his own. "Stop."

Hannibal did as requested and neither of them moved for a moment. The warm water bouncing on and off each other and the sound of it echoing around them.

"You know Dolarhyde is coming here. He'll find us."

There was a slight pause that made Will wonder if Hannibal nodded before he replied - "My plan out of your plan. Our plan really… and what will you do when he arrives?"

"I haven't decided yet." Will found the truth slipped easily from his mouth. Despite what he felt, there was part of him that might be able to kill Hannibal as Jack wanted.

"And before he arrives?" Hannibal's tone was slightly teasing, but calculated - not so teasing as to turn Will off. And it had worked, a shiver passing over his water-warmed skin.

Will shut off the water, thoughts of soap and shampoo forgotten. "Before he arrives I plan to get dressed and drink some strong liquor."

Hannibal made a noise that had Will imagining him pursing his lips. "I have wine that I was saving."

Will didn't know how to reply to that, so he didn't. He just turned and moved past Hannibal, grabbing a towel as he went and heading back into the bedroom. Of course Hannibal had wine, a wine that he had planned when he imagined all this - despite having been in prison the last three years. Will wasn't sure if he found it aggravating or alluring.

He grit his teeth. What sort of alpha would he be if he didn't find it flattering that an omega had so meticulously planned their reunion?

Hannibal walked in then, his own small towel around his shoulders as he dripped water in his wake. Will turned and watched as the naked form - hard and soft in all the right places - made for the bed. He watched as Hannibal flopped down onto the bed and looked back at him over his shoulder - feeling an irrational irritation at Hannibal getting the bed covers damp.

“I’m unsure how you have made it through life as nothing more than an overgrown, petulant child.” The words came out harsh even to Will’s own ear.

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed on him for a moment and then the omega turned away. Will was expecting some biting comment in return, but instead the long and lithe body drew up and curled over slightly. “I… I’m sorry Will. I wish *I* had your control. I’ve been locked away without so much the scent of an alpha for comfort until you visited. I…” Hannibal’s words were swallowed up and Will knew this was no manipulation, the scent of the omega’s distress coming off him in waves. Will couldn’t imagine what it had been like - his own incarceration had been tough, but touch starving an omega was cruel. Especially if they had a true mate…

Will’s jaw tightened along with his fists. Had Alana known? Had Jack? If they even suspected then their treatment of Hannibal was especially cruel. There were laws to protect omegas from such treatment, even killers.

Now reunited, there were no barriers between them. This was inevitable.

The slowly dwindling denial of true mates had thoughts of the omega tumbling over and over in his mind as he slowly moved to the bed. He let his own towel drop from his waist as he rested a hand gently at the base of Hannibal’s back and the omega unfurled with a rumbling purr so low it was almost a growl. The action, the noise, even the alluring scent he emitted, were all involuntary and caused Hannibal to blush as he looked back at Will once more.

“I thought of your touch so often. How you would feel inside me.” Hannibal all but whispered the words and then swallowed audibly. “What it would be like to kiss you… Some days I took comfort in it, others it drove me mad…”

“Hannibal.” The name came out on a breath and Will felt his chest and throat constrict.

Inevitable. Unavoidable. Destined.

Will tried to ignore what that said about him. What it meant for his true mate to be a monster, tried to ignore his own monster clawing inside - the one that had killed Hobbs and enjoyed it all those years ago.

That didn’t matter right now. Only the inevitable mattered.

His eyes scanned up Hannibal’s body, watching the laboured rise and fall of his chest as the omega tried to remain composed, shuddering under his light hand. Will bit his lower lip as he moved his hand up, adding his other in order to gently guide the omega onto his back. He went with his hands, up and up until he hovered over Hannibal, looking down into eyes burning with hunger.

“I’m not sure we should do this.” He muttered the words against Hannibal’s neck as he lowered his mouth to the flesh there, despite knowing it was too late to say them. Way too late, he knew as he breathed in the tangy-sweet scent of the omega.

“I’m certain we were always meant to do this,” Hannibal near panted.

Will suddenly had a sharp and clear memory of meeting the omega for the first time - registering his scent, gentle smile and coaxing words in Jack’s office. All the things that made him push back and resist at first. Will wasn’t good with people in general, worse with omegas and anything resembling a connection. He huffed out a laugh, realising what a stupid thing that had been with hindsight. Being attracted to this particular omega, falling in love with him, was a damn sight more complex and damaging than he could have ever believed.

It was Hannibal’s scent that brought him back to the here and now, heavy and pungent as the omega leaked. Will was unable to stifle the low growl that rumbled from the back of his throat as he breathed in the sweat-moistened flesh of his neck.

Hannibal’s scent had made him so difficult to resist in the past. The thought of not resisting it anymore made his cock throb. He dragged himself down Hannibal’s body, taking in the scent of his natural odour gathered over his coarsely haired chest. Down further to his hips, taking hold of them and holding Hannibal steady as he scented along his adonis belt. He heard Hannibal’s breath hitch and the omega’s cock twitched against his neck. Even so Will avoided it as he moved lower still, nuzzling to the side of it and breathing deep through his pubic hair. Will could taste him at the back of his throat, and his mouth watered.

He bit his lower lip as he moved to the crook of Hannibal’s thigh, the scent there thick and unfurling as Hannibal spread for him. A quiet but pleading moan escaped from the omega and Will’s cock twitched in response, his knot ached a little as it stirred in anticipation.

The strongest scent yet, sweet and rich, rose as Hannibal moved his legs further apart. There was no hesitating then, no resisting, as Will lowered his watering mouth to the slick gathering between Hannibal’s thighs.

Hannibal’s whole body shuddered as Will tongued over his sensitive flesh, gathering the taste of the omega into his mouth. His fingers dug into Hannibal’s hips, enough to bruise, as the omega writhed and Will began to make love to him with his mouth. Tongue and lips, teeth when the angle was right, grazed over Hannibal’s twitching hole until the omega was panting and near sobbing, finally culminating in a plea -

“Will… please.” Hannibal’s accent was thickened by lust. Will tongued at his entrance once more, one last taste that had Hannibal’s hips bucking.

The words damn near drove him out of his mind. This had been pent up for years, bubbling under the surface every time they were near each other; every time he scented Hannibal was nearing his heat; every time Will let himself forget, ignore or forgive something that might drive them apart. In truth, it felt like they had always been together. Even when he had told Hannibal he never wanted to think of him again. Even when he had married a beta woman who was looking for the right kind of influence for her alpha son. The connection never faded. Nor the want. Nor the need.

And now…

With a growl Will pushed himself back up Hannibal's body and had the man's throat in his teeth before he even realised what he was doing. It was Hannibal's hitched breath and audible swallow that made him aware. He released the hold, not yet enough pressure to break the skin, knowing he had to hold that back. He had to hold back bonding. For so many reasons, not least his own sanity.

Even so he grazed his teeth over the goosebumped skin around Hannibal's scent glands, not realising it was himself whining softly at the denial until Hannibal shuddered out quiet words -

"You're right. We… we shouldn't. Not yet. Bonding may drive me into heat and we will likely need to face Dolarhyde soon." Will stopped his whine and Hannibal's breathing levelled out a little, his hands up playing in Will's curls. Hannibal's gentle touches were soothing, as the doctor no doubt knew they would be.

He could ask himself why he was allowing this. He would want to argue that he had fought his biology long enough, he was too tired now to keep fighting against it. But the truth was that he wanted it, needed it. A consummation. Something real, tangible, unlike this invisible connection. If it were real perhaps then he would know what to do, whether he could save himself from any of this.

With this consummation there would be no denial - if they were true mates then this would make it an irrefutable truth. The connection would be confirmed and unbreakable even without bonding. If they weren't… Will felt his heart flutter at the thought - a mixture of anxiety and excitement at the prospect of this not being as fated as he thought. But, deep down, he knew that was his fear feeding his doubts.

"I need you." The words forced their way out on another whine.

"You have me, Will, I've always been yours. Always been waiting for you to claim me."

The whine turned to a rumble and Will nuzzled more ardently at Hannibal's neck as he reached down to his achingly hard cock and lined it up to the omega's slicked hole.

The push in was painfully and inevitably slow. Any faster and he risked cumming there and then. As it was he had started on a whine which ended as a groan as he buried himself deep, until flush against Hannibal, his partially inflated knot pressing against Hannibal's rim.

He stilled then. So long, so often, he had tried not to consider this. And now everything was Hannibal - the scent surrounding him, the heat engulfing him.

The omega was panting beneath him, breathing in short sobbing gasps. Will realised then that he had closed his eyes, opening them he looked down at Hannibal and saw the glassy look, the moisture in the corner of his eyes.

"Hannibal… I…" What could he say? He hadn't considered Hannibal in much of this, beyond their clearly shared lust. He hadn't thought about what this would be like for a man

starved of touch for years and then united intimately with his true mate for the first time.

Hannibal didn't let him say anything further, his hands fisting into Will's hair and pulling him down until they met in another hungry kiss. It started rough, teeth and tongues clashing, but after a few moments began to soften. Melting into something like a genuine lover's embrace.

When Hannibal moaned into his mouth Will began to move. He had not forgotten their joining, but the kiss had calmed him somewhat, brought him back from the edge he had been teetering on. He rocked his hips in slow, leisurely thrusts that had Hannibal's hands clutching at his hair before dropping to his sides and balling into the bedsheets beneath them.

The omega arched to meet every gentle movement. When Will realised how pliant Hannibal had become, he slipped his arms beneath him and pulled him into a greater arch, positioned now to run his tongue over a hardened nipple.

Hannibal groaned as he did so, his body hard and soft at once as he tensed in his position whilst melting into Will's arms.

Will allowed himself to marvel then. Despite the small paunch that Will found as undeniably attractive as most alphas did in an omega, Hannibal was physically very strong. Very masculine. Perhaps that was why Will had always preferred male omegas - there was something about them being hard and unbreakable, unlike female omegas. Perhaps Will had always known that he would need someone that couldn't be easily broken. Hannibal was everything he could ever have dreamed of in an omega - had he not turned out to be a killer.

And yet…

Will's cock throbbed at the thought. Harder now to hold back honesty and practice restraint of even his inner self. He remembered the heart Hannibal had left on display for him and was unable to stop the growl that poured from him. Hannibal's deep purr came in response, as he writhed again, clearly lost to the pleasure.

Will's heart was racing and he could feel his knot starting to inflate. He wanted to fuck hard into Hannibal and claim him, bite him and bond. But he held back.

Maintaining a slow place and resisting letting his hips snap forward, Will thought only of Hannibal. The omega who had been touch starved and isolated, the omega who was overwhelmed already and lost to the pleasure of their mating almost as though he were in heat.

So he was a little surprised and caught off guard when Hannibal suddenly surged up, pushing him back and moving up onto Will's thighs without breaking their joining. Will had to steady himself, with Hannibal now essentially sitting in his lap, from getting too close to the edge of the bed.

"Alpha…" The word came out almost as a growl and Will found himself lost in Hannibal's lust blown eyes. The scent was overwhelming now as Hannibal leaked around him. The omega took a painful grip on Will's shoulders and moved his legs to a slightly better position before he began to move - fucking himself on Will's cock. The sensation of Hannibal

bouncing up and down on his inflating knot was almost too much to bear. He needed to knot the omega soon or he might go insane.

Will let his head fall forward to Hannibal's chest, nuzzling at the hair there, wondering how he had managed to go without this so long. To think that anything other than the divine masculinity of an omega male would be enough for him, would be right for him. To think anyone other than Hannibal-

Will's entire thought process was interrupted as Hannibal suddenly maneuvered him around and up the bed, his back hitting the cool sheets beneath but his head not quite reaching the plumped pillows. The shirt he had planned on wearing was somewhere underneath them now and Will knew absolutely that he would still wear it, no matter what the rest of the evening held.

Hannibal was still on him, pushing him down to the bed before he resumed rolling and snapping his hips, his ass clenching around Will each time he drew up - releasing before plunging back down onto Will's aching knot.

"Alpha. Please…" Hannibal was more insistent this time and there was no way Will could misunderstand what he wanted. What they both wanted and needed.

Will took a tight hold of Hannibal's hips, planting his feet firmly on the bed before beginning to fuck up into the omega riding him. Hannibal met each thrust, groaning and growling in a way only male omegas did - in a way that made Will fuck all the harder.

"Knot me, Will. Fill me…" The words came out rough between gasped breaths as their bodies moved together.

Will wasn't sure if the growling that came after was just him or perhaps them both as they moved together, the sound of flesh on flesh echoing around the room until finally he felt his knot pop in. Hannibal groaned and pressed down, breaking the rhythm in favour of sinking all the way down onto Will's engorged flesh.

Will's eyes rolled to the back of his head and he felt boneless against the soft bed as Hannibal flexed around his knot. The sensation was almost unbearable and he had no idea how he still hadn't cum.

Perhaps Hannibal could sense that he was currently listless in pleasure, or maybe the omega was too driven to care - either way he ground down onto Will, rolling his hips.

Will could hear soft wet noises and he had to glance up to make sense of them. The omega's whole body near shuddering, Hannibal was stroking his own cock in time with his hip rolls, his face speaking of the pleasure Will's knot was bringing him.

That was all Will needed. Seeing that bliss, knowing he had been the source of it - that he had been a good alpha for his mate - he came. He near doubled up with the unexpected force of it, his hips jerking. The movement drew gasps from Hannibal, a wince that could have been pain but was clearly the opposite, Will jerked up again this time purposefully - savouring the reaction.

Hannibal's expression creased into a frown and he bit his bottom lip so hard Will expected him to draw blood. The alpha was mesmerised. How often had he tried not to imagine what Hannibal would like like this - at his most vulnerable? With a final stroke, Hannibal shot hot ropes of cum all over Will's chest and up to his neck. The sweet omegan scent of it, the tightening of inner muscles around him, had Will cumming again with a long drawn out moan.

Hannibal's pupil's were completely blown, his mouth slack now and his breath ragged. He fell forward with the grace even male omegas couldn't help but possess, cum sticky between them as he buried his face in the crook of Will's neck.

Will wasn't sure how long they stayed like that. The sun went down outside as they scented each other, as they held onto each other and licked and nipped at each other's necks even after his knot had deflated and released them. As the lust left them, sated for now, and reality set back in, silence descended for what felt like an eternity.

"What now?" Will asked, breaking the silence as reality - oppressive and cold - became too much to ignore.

"Another shower? A glass of wine? Await the inevitable?" Hannibal replied, calm and collected again.

"And what would that be?" Will huffed the words out, almost concerned about what the omega might say - Dolarhyde, death - theirs or his? Running away together? Bonding? A new life? Being in love - allowing it, just letting it happen? Could he stomach that? His mind returned quickly to an undecided turmoil.

He didn't know if he could save himself. He didn't know what was left to save.

"Your becoming," Hannibal answered simply, with a smile that made Will love him and hate him all the more in that moment.

He didn't know if he could save himself. And maybe that was just fine.

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